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NEMO'S ALMANAC 2011

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~ ~ ~

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NEMO'S ALMANAC 2011

SEND TO NIGEL FORDE
The Gate House, Burnby Lane,
Pocklington, YO42 1UL
odeflinger@hotmail.co.uk

RULES

1. The quotations are to be identified by reference to author, work and, where appropriate, line number or number of chapter, act or scene. Ten marks are given for each answer with full references. Incomplete answers and guesses will receive marks on their merits. Extra marks will be given for answers found only by one or two competitors; also for exceptionally good answers, at the Editor's discretion.
2. The prizes are book tokens of amounts dictated by the modest budget of the Almanac (this year these are £50, £40 and £30). No competitor can take a first prize two years running, or any prize at all in the fourth year, after three years running.
3. Answers are to be typed or legibly written on one side of the paper only, leaving a margin for marks on the right-hand side. Full name and address are to be written on the first page. The entry, accompanied by the coupon above should reach the Editor not later than September 1st of the year on the cover. Please mark your envelope "Nemo".
4. If a reasonably sized stamped addressed envelope is enclosed entries will be returned with an answer-sheet.
5. A pseudonym may be used, but prizewinners' names will be published.
6. No author is quoted more than once. No extract is in translation.
7. The Editor's decision is final in every case.

JANUARY

1
Yes, sir, for every part has his hour: we wake at six and look about us, that's eye-hour; at seven we should pray, that's knee-hour; at eight, walk, that's leg-hour; at nine, gather flowers and pluck a rose, that's nose-hour; at ten we drink, that's mouth-hour; at eleven lay about us for victuals, that's hand hour; at twelve go to dinner, that's belly-hour.

2
All times to thee are one; that which hath run,
And that which is not brought yet by the sun,
To thee are present, who dost always see
In present act what past is, or to be.

3
But time is not single and universal. It is only the name we give to higher dimensions of things. In our present state of consciousness, we cannot experience these dimensions spatially, but only successively. That we call time. But there are more times than one—

4
The minutes have gone by, the hours, the days,
The years have counted themselves up, and now
That little piece of time, a life, is proud
To show itself complete: 'fini' it says.

5
The large round eyes of time begin to stare;
The voice of time,
With tick and tock,
Beats like a heart against your ear.

6
Time maketh every tree to die and rot,
  Time turneth oft our pleasures into pain,
Time causeth wars and wrongs to be forgot,
  Time clears the sky, which first hung full of rain

FEBRUARY

1
How shall I know, unless I go
To Cairo and Cathay,
Whether or not this blessèd spot
Is blest in every way?

2
Hoarse broke the waves against the sandy waste,
And dim and cheerless swept the drizzling rain:
When bending o'er the briny spray
Stood thy genius, old Cathay,
Her vestments floating on the gale

3
A siren sang, and Europe turned away
From the high castle and the shepherd's crook.
Three caravels went sailing to Cathay
On the strange ocean, and the captains shook
Their banners out across the Mexique Bay.

4
The lands on either side are his; the ship
From Ceylon, Inde, or far Cathay, unloads
For him the fragrant produce of each trip;
Beneath his cars of Ceres groan the roads,
And the vine blushes like Aurora's lip

5
Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

6
Plate-armour, or windows glazed, or verse fire-hot
With rhymes from France, or spices from Cathay,
Were these at first a horror? They were not.

MARCH

1

Creatures, giv'n to be
Thy youth's companions,
Take their leave and die: birds, beasts, each tree,
All that have growth or breath,
Have one large language, death!

2

Hark how he groans, look how he pants for breath,
See how he struggles with the pangs of death!

3

Death asked: the debtor bit his lip
And offered something on account;
Death smiled and took a closer grip:
The debtor paid the full amount.

4

Black as coal
I turn to go
Out of the graveyard. Headstone shadows merge
And blur. I see the spire
Lift over corpses. And I sense the flow
Of death like honey to make all things whole.

5

So I go out: my little sweet is done:
I have drawn heat from this contagious sun:
To not ungentle death now forth I run.

6

'I've whined of coming death, but now no more!
It's weak and most ungracious. For, say I,
Though still a boy if years are counted, why!
I've lived those years from roof to cellar-floor,
And feel, like grey-beards touching their fourscore,
Ready, so soon as the need comes, to die

APRIL

1
Farewell, fair saint! Let not the seas and wind
Swell like the eyes and hearts you leave behind;
But smooth and gentle as the looks you bear

2
The wild winds weep,
And the night is a-cold;
Come hither, Sleep,
And my dreams unfold

3
To which, soft whistles of the Wind,
    And warbling murmurs of a Brook,
    And vari'd notes of leaves that shook,
An harmony of parts did bind

4
                To daring them each cloud
Is big with thunder, every wind speaks loud.
    And though wild rocks about the shore appear
    Yet virtue will find room to anchor there.

5
From the winds of the north and the south
    They gathered as unto strife;
They breathed upon his mouth,
    They filled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
    For the veils of the soul therein

6
Those delicate wanderers,
The wind, the star, the cloud.

MAY

1
I dashed the spectacles violently to the ground, and, leaping to my feet,
stood erect in the middle of the floor, confronting Mrs. Simpson, with
my arms set a-kimbo, and grinning and foaming, but, at the same time,
utterly speechless with terror and with rage.

2
'...there he is, in the most obliging manner in the world, fastening in the
rivet of my mother's spectacles.— The rivet came out, you know, this
morning. So very obliging!—For my mother had no use of her spectacles
—could not put them on.'

3
I remember her
Sitting at evening in that open door-way,
And spinning in the sun; methinks I see her
Raising her eyes and dark-rimm'd spectacles
To see the passer-by, yet ceasing not
To twirl her lengthening thread.

4
Thou look'st through spectacles; small things seem great
Below; But up into the watch-towre get,
And see all things despoyl'd of fallacies

5
'Have you any friend lodging with you here?'
'One overhead. A man named Noaks.'
'A small man, with spectacles?'
'Very small, with very large spectacles.'
'He was pointed out to me yesterday, as I was driving from the station...No, I don't
think I want to meet him.'

6
Then holding the spectacles up to the court —
Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in short,
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

JUNE

1
Should I tonight eat sago-cream,
'Twould make me blush to tell my dream;
If I eat lobster, 'tis so warming
That ev'ry man I see looks charming

2
He looked up startled and saw in her face that which gave him a view into a strange new world. He had thought that women blushed when they talked of love, but her eyes were as grave and candid as a boy's. Here was one who had gone through waters so deep that she had lost the foibles of sex.

3
I dream'd we both were in a bed
Of Roses, almost smothered:
The warmth and sweetness had me there
Made lovingly familiar:
But that I heard thy sweet breath say,
Faults done by night, will blush by day

4
You should have drawn out modesty,
Whose beauty sits enthroned there,
And learn to look and blush at her.
Or can you colour just the same
When virtue blushes or when shame?

5
The question about everything was, would it bring a blush into the cheek of the young person? And the inconvenience of the young person was, that, according to Mr. P——, she seemed always liable to burst into blushes when there was no need at all.

6
The crimson window-curtains (which were of the same colour as those of the bed) were drawn close; the sun was setting, and reflected through them so warm a tint into the fair *fille de chambre's* face, I thought she blush'd—
The idea of it made me blush myself. We were quite alone; and that superinduced a second blush before the first could get off

JULY

1
When a day that you happen to know is Wednesday starts off by sounding
like Sunday, there is something wrong somewhere.
I felt that from the moment I woke.

2
I bring the milk, newspaper, settle here
in the bay of the window to watch people
walking to church for Mothering Sunday.
A choirboy holds his robes over his shoulder.

3
Sunday is the dullest day, treating
Laughter as a profane sound, mixing
Worship and despair, killing
New thought with dead forms.

4
O give me back my rigorous English Sunday
And my well-ordered house, with stockings washed on Monday.
Let the House-Lord, that kindly decorous fellow,
Leave happy for his Law at ten, with a well-furled umbrella.

5
No ordinary Sunday. First the light
falling dead through dormitory windows blind
with fog; and then, at breakfast, every plate
stained with the small red cotton flower; and no
sixpence for pocketmoney.

6
Sunday: this satisfied procession
Of definite Sunday faces;
Bonnets, silk hats, and conscious graces
In repetition that displaces
Your mental self-possession
By this unwarranted digression.

AUGUST

set by Gabriel Baugniet

1
I switch on, tune in –
The marvellous languages
of the peoples of the planet
discussing the weather!

2
Oedipus
Himself, cold and sightless, was aware
Of no more strife and drama at Colonus:
He became, when he could go no further,
Just an old man hoping for warm weather.

3
Now it was a too-mild February morning.
The flowers looked misplaced, without some ice in the air
Or bullying wind to give them their full meaning.

4
It was early days indeed for a wife
In the very spring of her married life
To be chilled by its wintry weather –

5
And maintenance is the sensible side of love,
Which knows what time and weather are doing
To my brickwork

6
It is wretched weather. The poor little ponies on the heath will have to be brought in

SEPTEMBER

1
The King sat above his court, speaking to none,
Small and grotesque there in a high-backed chair,
His hands gripping the carved griffins, his eyes
Like halves of hard-boiled eggs.

2
Bohemia's blind king listens to
The roaring throng and what the battle
Says. Steel howls on steel. Arrows murmur
Past him on errands that he guesses
From the cries that greet them.

3
I sought the hall,
And, behold! — a change
From light to darkness, from joy to woe!
King, nobles, all,
Looked aghast and strange;
The minstrel-group sate in dumbest show!

4
Squirrels for nuts contend, and, wrong or right,
For the world's empire, kings ambitious fight,
What odds? —to us 'tis all the self-same thing,
A Nut, a World, a Squirrel, and a King

5
I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human condition: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man

6
Flames ravelled up his flesh into dry knots
And he cried at the King: *How can you stare*
On such agonies and not turn a hair?
The King was cool: *My friend, I'd drag the logs*
Out to the stake for my own son, let dogs
Get at his testes for his sins; auto-da-fés
Owe no paternity to evil ways.

OCTOBER

1
The author arrives at Dover; his conversation with the mayor of that
Corporation. Sets out in the pacquet boat; grows very sick; the author spews;
a very minute account of all the particulars thereof.

2
Shaken with retching, bewildered by
The virus curdling milk and food,
You do not scream in fear, or cry.
Tears are another thing

3
but what did please me beyond anything in the whole world was the wind-
musique when the Angell comes down, which is so sweet that it ravished
me; and endeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick,
just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife

4
Mouse tried to vomit up his guts
Then got up for a pee.
A comet pulsed across the sky —
He didn't jolly see.

5
Let me tell you
You look very much like a cowboy to me.
On the walls, eastern godlings spew into pewter pots.
You have knocked everybody's drink over:
Everybody is drinking double brandy.

6
Tugging, folding, tucking, zipping, buttoning,
Spooning in food, encouraging excretion,
Mopping up vomit, stabbing cloth with needles,
Contorting wool around their knitting needles

NOVEMBER

1

The shaking air rattled Lord Edward's *membrana tympani;* the interlocked *malleus, incus* and stirrup bones were in motion so as to agitate the membrane of the oval window and raise an infinitesimal storm in the fluid of the labyrinth. The hairy endings of the auditory nerve shuddered like weeds in a rough sea; a vast number of obscure miracles were performed in the brain, and Lord Edward ecstatically whispered 'Bach!'

2

Dazzling nonsense...I imagine it? Ah! nach
enough. J. Sebastian—born at Eisenach:
Its coat-of-arms in my dream: BACH PLAYS BACH!

3

I must say my romantic soul responds
To C. P. E. after old J. C. Bach.
Yet, even here, still strange paternal bonds.

4

I would not go four miles to visit
Sebastian Bach (or Batch, which is it?)

5

It is Beethoven and Bach, they tell me,
And a very fat volume, a German tutor,
That cost six shillings before the war,
And its pages, they tell me, are black with notes.

6

The fifth Brandenburg. Somewhere, some place, every moment, an orchestra is playing the fifth Brandenburg concerto. Violins are tucked under chins, bows rise and fall; in recording studios and concert rooms, and here in the dining-hall of a Cambridge college where a hundred and fifty people are gathered together for no reason except circumstance which is perhaps the reason for everything.

DECEMBER

1
The alphabet is searched for letters soft
To try a word before it can be wrought;
And when it slideth forth, it goes as nice
As when a man doth walk upon the ice.

2
You say a word until it loses meaning
and taste the foreignness of languages,
your own included. Sheer inanity
of idiom: the lovely words are dead,
their magic gone, evaporated pages.

3
Let words forsake their syntax and ambit—
The dam of all the lexicons gone west!—
Chaos restored, why then by such storms hit
The brain can mint its imagery best.
Whoever heard of perfect sense or perfect rhythm
Matching the magic of extreme verbal schism?

4
Will the table rise flapping
like an open book in the air
and the alphabet, in a dance,
in a trance, continually declare
the word is love, but there
is no word there.

5
Hail, native language, that by sinews weak
Didst move my first endeavoring tongue to speak,
And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips,
Half unpronounced, slide through my infant lips

6
We, too, make noises when we laugh or weep,
Words are for those with promises to keep.

Answers to Nemo's Almanac 2010

COVER: Cotton: To Calista

JANUARY
1 Sassoon: Ancient History
2 Fry: A Sleep of Prisoners
3 Edwin Muir: Variations on a Time Theme III
4 D. J Enright: Paradise Illustrated XXVI
5 Kipling: Cain and Abel—Western version
6 Edith Sitwell: Façade 4: Ass-Face

FEBRUARY
1 Edward Wyndham Tennant: Home Thoughts in Laventie
2 Barnfield: Daphnis to Ganymede
3 Fielding: The Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon Wednesday July 22nd
4 Porter: The Delegate
5 W. Morris: Thunder in the Garden
6 Wm. Browne of Tavistock: Vision V

MARCH
1 Armitage: Book of Matches 6
2 Sir Thomas Browne: Pseudodoxia Epidemica (Keynes Bk II Chap V)
3 Drummond of Hawthornden: Sonnet 'A Passing glance....'
4 Andrew Young: The Thunderstorm
5 Hardy: Far from the Madding Crowd XXVII The Storm—The Two Together
6 Thomson: The Seasons, Summer 1145-9

APRIL
1 Kingsley Amis: Album-Leaf
2 John Levett: The Photographs of Paris
3 F. T. Prince: Afterword on Rupert Brooke
4 Ted Hughes: Six Young Men
5 Anthony Hecht: Auguries of Innocence
6 John Whitworth: The Way it Was and The Way it Is and The Way it Will Be, X: Tennis and Sex and Death

MAY
1 Randall Swingler: The Swans
2 Spenser: Prothalamion 3
3 Lawrence Durrell: Swans
4 E. J. Scovell: The Swan's feet
5 Geoffrey Dearmer: Birds
6 Edward Davison: The Ugly Duckling

JUNE
1 Mrs. Gaskell: North and South Chap X 'Wrought Iron and Gold'.
2 Waller: Of Tea., Commended by Her Majesty
3 Dylan Thomas: Portrait of the Artist as a Young Dog. Chap 1 'The Peaches'.
4 David Jones: In Parenthesis Part 4
5 Laura Riding: Melinda Pours
6 Erskine Childers: The Riddle of the Sands Chap 3 'Davies'

JULY
1 Robert Lowell: Memories of West Street and Lepke
2 Plomer: The Flying Bum: 1944
3 Auden: Death's Echo
4 George Eliot: A Minor Prophet
5 Wendy Cope: Kindness to Animals
6 W. S. Graham: Fill In This Form (Aimed at Nobody)

AUGUST
1 Randall Jarrell: Well Water
2 Longfellow: Evangeline Part the First
3 Charles Tomlinson: The Well
4 Elizabeth Bishop: Over 2000 Illustrations and a Complete Concordance
5 Heaney: At the Wellhead
6 Helen Dunmore: The Dry Well

SEPTEMBER
1 Golding: Rites of Passage Chap. 1
2 Marlowe: Dido, Queen of Carthage. Act III
3 Ballantyne: The Coral Island Chap. 2
4 Charles Dibdin: The Anchorsmiths
5 Byron: The Island X
6 Derek Walcott: Omeros, Chap. LXIV ii

OCTOBER
1 Ezra Pound: Hugh Selwyn Mauberley, Pour L'Election de Son Sepulchre
2 John Gohorry: For Breughel's Notebook
3 Selima Hill: Below Hekla
4 Bernard O'Donoghue: Souvenirs
5 Carol Rumens: A Latin Primer
6 John Fuller: Canicule Macaronique

NOVEMBER
1 George Mackay Brown: Ikey on the People of Helya
2 W. Cobbett: Rural Rides. Hants and Surrey. Easton, Wednesday Evening 6 August 1823
3 John Wain: Victor Neep 1921-1979, 2
4 James Bramston: The Art of Politicks
5 Lovelace: On Sannazar's Being Honoured with Six Hundred Ducats by the Clarissimi of Venice, for Composing an Elegiac Hexastich of the City.
6 Squire: A Dedication.

DECEMBER
1 A. S. J. Tessimond: Bells, Pool and Sleep
2 Shakespeare: Much Ado bout Nothing V. ii
3 Betjeman: For Nineteenth-Century Burials
4 Vernon Watkins: The Collier
5 Joseph Strutt: Song of the Bell-Ringers
6 Kenrick Prescot: Balsham Bells 45-48

Marks and Prizes 2009

730 G. Ingli James
730 Brian Jordan
730 J.A. Taylor
730 Gli Amici
730 Susan Woodman and Phillip Hearsum

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720 S.A. Osborn and family
720 Cicely Herbert and Ann Langton
720 Sue Bird
720 Pamela Thompson
720 Jenny Naish
720 Caroline Heal
720 Angela Carpenter and Alison Tomkins
715 Ben Vizoskie
710 Judith Neal and Adam Pothecary
705 Dr. Ian Patterson
705 Tricia Irish
700 Dr. G. Leversha
700 Barbara Britton
700 Alison Sheehan-Hunt
670 The Christies and the Jarvises
665 Henry Villiers
640 Alan Hollinghurst
620 Gabriel Baugniet
620 Patricia Hodgart
615 William Kyle
600 Alan Langley
590 Sabina and Chloe Sutherland
590 Mr. and Mrs. P. Green
590 Carolyn and Michael Greet
590 Mary Milne-Day, Sara Price and Anne Willitts
585 Gerard Benson
580 June Walker
575 Danny Buckley and Sheila Harvey
568 Frances Hughes
565 Florence Yarwood and Jeanne Stevens
565 Janet Woodhead
560 Jo and Joan Lampen
557 Tom Durham
555 Richard Gaston
540 Davie Dolan Junior

535 Rosemary Johnson
531 The Mossfield Gang
520 Michael Webb-Ingall
480 Mrs. P.J. Pearce
450 Iain Adam and Arnie Wilson
425 M. Thouless
389 Pauline Jameson
313 Gillian Hancock, Jeffrey Dowse and Piers Burton-Page
300 Val Marshall-George
300 Gillian Rigby
140 R. Bolton

Remarks

You will have noticed (only you won't, which is why I mention it) that I have put my email address in the panel above the rules. If you have any queries about marking or what has happened to your order, or merely wish to revile me, you can get in touch early before the next one is printed and sent, or ask someone to do it for you, and there will be a chance of rectifying my lack of administrative ability. I have done this because we had a few problems this last year. The Sutherlands have been Nemoniacs since the year dot, and so has Alan Langley and so has Tom Durham. Last year I received their marks and they were left out of the final reckoning. I also missed out Sheila Harvey and made a huge mistake with the Osborn's marks; they should have had another 56. Oh dear. Oh dear oh dear.

But why? Very good question. Well, look: the room is knee-deep in paper and envelopes and sellotape and cards and boxes and stamps; the printer buzzes, clicks, screams and begins to smoke; says it is out of paper (it isn't: it is just broken and won't print the answers) and in reaching for it my pen falls on the floor, lucozade tumbles and droobles all over the current year's almanacs – still in boxes – and, as I try to rescue a few, the container of addresses turns upside down and sprays across the carpet. Did one go in the fire? Possibly. And have you noted, Forde, the new address of X and Y? You had this problem last year, remember? Had to join Facebook to find an address. Or did you a) forget to put in the answer sheet and b) fail to notice this year's order? And anyway you posted them both last night. Too bad. Too late. Then the phone rings. Can't find it. It's under some stratum or other. Let it ring. And anyway, if it's your wife, she knows perfectly well how to change a wheel. Where's my book? It's important; it's absolutely necessary! It's underneath something(s) and when I find it, more stuff hurtles floorwards to join the confusion. How many Morgans and Woodmans are there anyway? Really? Oh, and that dreadful smell is my trousers. They are burning. Quite slowly.

Well, it all happened last year apart from the last. It was the curtains really, but trousers sounds better. Chaos and devastation; mayhem, junehem, julyhem…I'm sure many mistakes apart from the Durham/Langley/Sutherlands' were made, and for all of them I apologise profusely. All I can say in my own defence is that a close family member had died, I had just written two plays, had three operations, was expecting a postal strike, and was mentally unstable – as poets usually are in fact. Sorry. It'll almost certainly happen again this year – so get your orders in early and make a note of the email address and DON'T forget to put NEMO on the envelope. Please don't. Many do forget and it is entirely confusing to this almost acephalic ursine: I open them and the contents spill and get lost (usually) before marking starts. Sorry again, but it is in the rules - just opposite that nice advert. You may also consider making your cheques out to Nemo or Nemo's Almanac to save me a great deal of transferring and explanation.

And look, so many of you (OK, not enough, but many) order the almanac; then what happens? I mean, what happens? Does it become a fly-swat? A support for the wobbly table? Do you eat it or use it to help the Greater Spotted Woodpecker with a soft nest? Why don't you send in some answers? It doesn't matter how few you get right. Really, it doesn't. One is enough! Yes, someone will be at the bottom of the list but someone always is and nobody cares in the slightest.

I must also draw your attention to the fact that I'm afraid the price of the next almanac(s) is going to increase to £3 and £10 for four. Please note this! As far as I can see this will make only a very small difference since most of you overpay quite generously; but it will make some difference, especially as postal charges have risen fairly frighteningly and more and more people are withdrawing from the competition owing to old age or infirmity or, in one case, getting utterly fed up with people who win by using the internet rather than their brains and a few books. We really need some new people; some youth to take part. I'm doing what I can, but if you could interest a few younger people as well it would be marvellous. I had hoped that the programme on Radio 3, which briefly discussed Nemo, would have increased our members: well, it did. By three…

Right, got all that off my chest. Where do we go from here? Well, we say 'bravo' to the winners for a start. Quite a few of them. It was (I thought; not everyone did) quite a bit harder this year than last but even so, many of you have done extremely well and dividing up the prize money has again been a problem. I hope I have found a suitable solution. Most people found the Thomas Browne which I thought might have been elusive. Fewer found the Kenrick Prescot so, as GBS remarks, you never can tell. (Not a clue for this year. Sorry) But there were no outstanding oddities that only one or two of you unearthed, so no extra marks. Some of you are still guessing authors who, had they been used, would have to appear in translation (read the rules!) and some still forget to identify the quotation on the cover. No wondrous misspellings this time; Spenser seems to pose problems to a few, and we had 'Unemployed Music' instead of 'Unplayed' but what are these between friends? Particular congratulations this year to the entrant who looked some up of the answers on the internet after she had written out her own and didn't add them in!

I'm particularly delighted to include a first guest page, set by the redoubtable Gabriel Baugniet to whom I am very grateful. Her sixth question is one of my favourites. I hope her page, indeed the whole almanac, is mystifying and apparently impenetrable, but I don't suppose it will be.

Funny things, people.

Notices

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O that awful deep-down trembling the lack of intent and the devil knows what and the questions that arise such as why is it called nemo because that means nobody and how can it be true that nobody has had a finger in this pie so full of goodies and baddies and look at it this year you could make a list of all thats in it if you would such as the time which I havent got and death which thank the lord I havent experienced and the wind which comes upon me sometimes in the night like sickness which is another and how are we ever to find our way out of this especially when there is a guest page for arent they always the worst but I was telling myself for a while that I could use the internet and my heart was going like mad and no I said no I wont No

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